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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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NOVEMBER, 1814.

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JOANNA SOUTHCOTT

HAS gained so large a number of proselytes, and is now become so general a theme of discussion, that we can no longer refrain from giving our readers a brief Sketch of her Life, and what are termed her leading doctrines. If we may credit the history of her early life, as related by herself, she was devoted to religion and abstinence; and as her faith alone would be sufficient to prevent her acting the part of an Impostor, we conclude that her enthusiasm must have made her *insane*.

Richard Brothers excited much attention; and must have been very plausible, or he would not have found an advocate in Mr. Halhed, a Member of the British Parliament; yet Brothers' confinement with insane persons proved a salutary measure; for since his liberation, the world has not been disturbed with his visionary fancies.

That men of sense and virtue should be found to espouse and vindicate such characters is most extraordinary; and can be accounted for only by supposing that in their zeal for religion, and hope of seeing the fulfilment of the Scripture Prophecies, they too easily become the dupes of error, superstition, and fanaticism.

Joanna, the daughter of William and Hannah Southcott, was born in the month of April, 1750, at Gettisham, a small village in Devonshire; and was baptised on the 6th of June, in the same year, as appears by the Register of Baptisms, at the parochial church of St. Mary Ottery. Her parents obtained their living by their daily industry in farming work; they were both members of the established church; her mother "a religious woman," and her father "a hard-working, careful, and industrious man." Tradition says nothing of the "signs which attended the birth of the prophetess; but the *Spirit* has since assured her, "that the *Angels* rejoiced at her birth."—(This, we think, could be no other than an *insane* spirit.)—In early life, she was "the simplest of all her father's house;" and beloved for the sweetness of her temper. The religious bias she received in her youth, if we may credit her friends, produced a strong effect on her mind; she became indifferent to the pleasures and affections of the world; and resolved upon leading a life of celibacy; the conflict, however, between love and religion was long and arduous. Her person may be supposed to have been attractive; for she had many admirers; but professed the greatest regard for a young man named Noah Bishop. Tho' she is rather short of stature, and lusty; her form and face are still very far from being unpleasing; and her eye still retains some of its pristine animation. Her education was neglected; and she is unable to write intelligibly; but, from the number of stories which she introduces as texts to her prophecies, her memory appears to be tenacious of the little she has either heard, or read. She has a tolerable knowledge of the Scriptures; and in her Letter to the Rev. Mr. Tucker, at Heavitree, dated March 2nd. 1800, presumed to say, "I as much believe my writings are of God as I do the Bible!"

If any remarkable event occurred between the period of Noah Bishop's "courtship" and her attaining the age of forty, she has kept it concealed from the public. She

then went to live at an upholsterer's, in Exeter: as she was one day sweeping out the shop, she found a Seal, and threw it by; but afterwards inspecting it more closely, she perceived the letters J. C. with Two Stars engraven on it: these she interpreted as symbols;—the initial J. meant both Jesus and Joanna, and that of C. Christ; the Stars signified those of Morning and Evening; Jesus being the Morning Star, and Joanna the Evening Star!!—And this strange coincidence, thus made out, was construed into a Miracle!—Strange, however, as it may appear, an Impression of this Seal is now used in what she terms *Sealing*; an act on which her followers found their faith; which is considered as the ushering in of the Millenium, by sealing the faithful for the enjoyment of it to the number of one hundred and forty-four thousand.

#### A DESCRIPTION OF THE SEAL.

On half-a-sheet of paper are written the following words

“ R. and A. N \* \* \* \* ”

The Sealed of the Lord—the Elect precious  
Man's Redemption—to Inherit the  
Tree of Life

To be made Heirs of God—and Joint Heirs  
with Jesus Christ.

Joanna Southcott.

*Date.*”

The writing (within a mystical circle, about six inches in diameter) is in a good plain hand; to which is added her own signature, in characters scarcely legible.

Whenever a person is to be sealed, he writes his name on a list provided for that purpose;—this is called signing for Satan's destruction; as he thereby signifies his wish, that Satan may soon be destroyed; that is, banished from the earth. When the list is signed, the person in office seals up the letter, writes the person's name on it for whom it is, with these words—“ Not to be broken open;” and then delivers it into his hands; and the person is sealed.



While she resided at the upholsterer's, she was very successful in her conferences with several pious visitors, and this gave her so high an opinion of herself, that she left her master about the year 1780; from which may be dated the commencement of her preaching and prophecy.

In the year 1792, she opened her commission; and announced that she was the Woman spoken of in the Revelation to St. John as the Bride, *the Lamb's Wife, clothed with the Sun.*

The great end of her successive prophecies was, she says, to "warn the world at large, that the second Coming of Christ is nigh at hand; and to shew, from the Fall, that the Promise that was made to the Woman *at first* must be accomplished *at last*," and *in her sex* too, "before Man's" complete "Redemption can take place."

The reader will, if he have a doubt, be enabled to form an accurate opinion of her prophetic powers from the subsequent unverified predictions—

In 1803,—England was threatened with instant ruin, if the Government did not liberate her then friend, Mr. Brothers.

1804,—Plague, famine, together with every judgement necessary to prepare the world to enter on the Millenium, were to have taken place; and her writings were to have been demanded by the affluent and the powerful of her native land. Nothing like this, however, has yet happened.

1807,—Joanna was to conduct the inhabitants for protection out of London.

1809,—Joanna was hardy enough to promise that Mary Bateman, who was hanged for the atrocious poisoning of Mrs. Perigo, at Leeds, on the 18th of March, that year, would be miraculously rescued from the hands of the executioner.

1810,—Joanna had predicted the landing of Bonaparte in England, and that he was to be slain by one of her followers.

1811,—England was promised her Millenium.

The troubles of Europe were to continue but fifteen years from the opening of her commission in 1792; yet



have twenty-two years of calamity since passed, except the mere breathing-time afforded by the treaty of Amiens; and Europe is still confessed to be, though at Peace, in a feverish state!

This "spiritual mother" had no sooner declared her rank than her visiting spirit was incessantly impelling her. The inspirations, or rather ravings, of this spirit were first proclaimed at Exeter; where, for nine years, she in vain importuned the Dignitaries of the Cathedral, with some ministers, to investigate and sanction her claim; and where, in fact, her friends concluded "she was going mad."


Joanna, in 1801, printed the five first parts of her "Strange Effects of Faith," which induced five gentlemen to visit her, about Christmas, at Exeter, in order to ascertain the nature of her mission. This she calls her first trial. January 12th, 1803, she entered on her second trial at High-house, Paddington, near London; the meeting being previously advertised in the newspapers. Her pretensions were here assented to. In December, 1804, her third meeting, or trial, took place, and lasted seven days; but as her friends only attended, she could hardly fail in bringing conviction to their minds.

The *miraculous child bearing*, announced by the prophetess, has excited a more general curiosity, and made her a subject of greater notoriety than any of her former soothsayings. Joanna was forewarned by the Spirit, that "This year, 1814, in the 65th year of thy age, thou shalt have a Son, by the power of the Most High!" And after affirming that she can take her solemn oath of being a *Virgin*, she says, in her Fifth Book of Wonders, that "she has felt increasing life from the 16th of May, 1814, to this day, &c." That her *miraculous conception* might be publicly attested, she has submitted to the examination of nine medical gentlemen; six of whom were of opinion that she is pregnant; and three that she is not.

A greater tissue of absurdities, or more at variance with truth and the Scriptures, was never published; but yet it will be seen that her emissaries have contrived to give it such a colour of consistency as is most imposing to those who have no other guide than their superstitious notions.

The prophetess's high-priest, Mr. W. Tozer, presides at her principal Chapel in Duke-street, St. George's Fields, in the vicinity of the Obelisk; where the Liturgy of the Church of England is read, preparatory to the sermonic elucidation of her prognostications; the Sacrament is regularly administered, and hymns, *written* by herself, are sung by a choir of singers. They affect to consider themselves within the pale of the Christian Church, and in the character of members of the establishment.

In Exeter, at an early period of her ministry, her followers rapidly increased; and supplied her with money and valuable presents: her "*Beatitudes*" were then sold, though not by herself, by her agents, from 12s. to 21s. according to the state of the faith, and the state of the pocket, of each proselyte. A tolerable idea may be formed of the support she now derives from her adherents by the expence of the superb Crib, with its ornaments, decorations, bedding, &c. they have presented to her, for her infant potentate, which cost upwards of Two Hundred Pounds!

The intelligent Reader may think we have allotted too much space, and taken too much notice of a mere Madwoman; but when he perceives how many individuals are deluded by her ravings, and is informed, that she has already made more than six thousand converts; and, by the good management of those who surround her, in all probability more *subtle* than herself, that she and these few adherents are enjoying an income which far exceeds one of the best benefices in the kingdom, he will only be surprised that this strange infatuation should have lasted so long, and diffused its prejudicial influence so extensively! 

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*THE GOSSIPER, No. XL.*

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Hæ nugæ seria ducent

In mala.

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HOR. ART. POET.

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It will scarcely be denied, that the literary taste predominating in a country, materially influences the state of morals and refinement of the majority of its inhabitants. History in every page exemplifies the truth of this position. To trace the progress of literature in this country, the character it has assumed at different periods, and to shew the effect it has uniformly exerted upon the civilization and manners of the people, would, tho' a pleasing and interesting task, be somewhat irrelevant to my present purpose, and would far exceed the limits of a single paper.

To come to the point,—I shall endeavour to investigate the tendency of *Novel-Reading* in the present day; more particularly as affecting the *Fair Sex*. The ingredients which compose the generality of novels are of qualities little calculated to enlighten the understanding, or amend the heart. The false view of society, the unattainable excellencies of some characters, and the degrading depravities of others, which occur in works of this description, little entitle them to become guides of life. When vices the most difficult to be resisted by the young, but which are productive of the most injurious consequences to society, are styled “amiable weaknesses” and “venial errors,” when vice, I say, can assume so pleasing an appearance, it is no wonder that virtue should be deemed austere, and placed in the back ground. When adventures of the most romantic cast are presented with a warmth of colouring which cannot fail to captivate the youthful imagination, we cannot be surprised that minds thus enchanted should with difficulty support the tame, and



oftentimes painful realities of life. The whining sentimentality, the inflated nonsense (*nugæ canoræ*), or the monotonous insipidity, which are continually before our eyes, will neither improve our feelings, nor our taste.

That I have drawn no unjust, or uncandid, picture of the generality of compositions of this species of literature, I am fully prepared to maintain. To mention the works of Lewis, Godwin, Kotzebue, Goethe, &c. of the modern school, and their numerous imitators, which crowd the shelves of Circulating Libraries, and it is with pain I feel obliged to include those of Fielding and Smollet, which, tho' possessing many and great beauties, are still extremely exceptionable in point of decency and morality,—to mention these works, I repeat, will, I think, defend me from the imputation of unmerited severity in the eyes of every enlightened and moral reader. But let not my censure be understood as extending to all productions of this class; it is with pleasure I select the names of Richardson and Goldsmith; their well-earned fame is too firmly established to receive additional stability from any humble eulogium of mine. I would have each of them speak in the impasioned language of the Roman poet

Exegi monumentum ære perennius,  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius:  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.  
Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei  
Vitabit Libitinam.

More durable than brass, the frame  
Which here I consecrate to fame;  
Higher than pyramids that rise,  
With royal pride, to brave the skies;  
Nor years, tho' numberless the train,  
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,  
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,  
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.

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Nor indeed should a just tribute of praise be withheld from some fair Authors; Mrs. West, Mrs. Opie, Miss Edgeworth, and a few others, "*raræ nantes in gurgite vasto*," whose names are alike dear to Literature and their Country.

The persons who form the great body of novel-readers in this kingdom are, I think I may fairly assert, the *Ladies*. To point out the influence they must ever maintain in Society as Wives and Mothers would be superfluous. Upon their education, upon their pursuits, and upon their conduct, the welfare and happiness of a state does in no trifling degree depend; the question, therefore, thus resolves itself, "Are Novels conducive to the intellectual and moral improvement of the fair sex?" The grand misfortune is that novels, which at best should only be considered as relaxations from more serious and useful studies, are by many read to the exclusion of almost all works of a grave and scientific cast: indeed they act upon the mind as ardent spirits do upon the body; the palate of the spirit-drinker soon becomes vitiated; he loses all relish for plain nourishing food; during the action of the spirit the habit is strongly stimulated, but when that action ceases, a languor and debility ensues which is but too frequently removed by a repetition of the fatal draught. It is just so with the confirmed novel-reader. After having been wafted to Elysium with some sweet love-sick Henry and some dear sentimental Agnes; after witnessing scenes that would melt a Stoic, and experiencing the divine emanations of pure unsophisticated sentiment thrilling thro' every vein with ineffable rapture; there set free from the cold maxims of Pedantry and Philosophy, from the shackles of Bigotry and Superstition, and enjoying unalloyed the charms of Love and Reason;—when we have been thus enchanted, we must consider it but bad spent time to wade thro' the antiquated phrase, or smile at the idle buffoonery of a Shakspeare; Addison we must positively lay by to yawn over on a Sunday evening; and as for Johnson, we cannot fail to *vote him a complete bore*.

It is almost needless to remark, indeed experience confirms it, that where a Female has in early life directed her principal attention to novel-reading, and has in after years (almost necessarily I may say) continued it, that she is unfit to become the companion of a man of sense, to struggle with the difficulties of the world, to conduct a family with propriety and decorum, and to train up her children "in the way they should go" with pleasure to themselves, and advantage to society. Samplers and Cookery Books were, perhaps, too much in the hands of our Grandmothers; this kind of education, however, does not appear to be an error of the present day. We have passed from one extreme to the other. No sensible man can wish to see his Wife degraded to a mere servant; but he would be glad to find her a companion for his solitary hours; and one who would be able to fulfil the important duties of a Wife and a Mother with affection and propriety.

I would most strongly conjure Parents, and those entrusted with the education of Children, particularly of the female sex, to remove as much as possible a growing taste for novel-reading. Much of the dissoluteness and extravagance of the present day may, I fear, be traced to this source. Principles of virtue and religion, impressed upon the mind in early life, to serve as a foundation for a superstructure of solid and useful learning, are the best antidotes against this poison. Parents should reflect that in discharging their duties conscientiously, they are rendering themselves the most valuable members of society; but on the contrary, in performing their trust negligently, they are deserving the execration of every good Citizen.



## TO THE GOSSIPER.

MR. GOSSIPER,

I AM one of those old moralizing philosophers, who are now a-days known by the appellation of "the old school," although I believe a three cornered hat, with a neat curled flaxen wig, and corresponding dress, are the only recommendations I have to the title.

Notwithstanding I am frequently *quizzed* by the eye of modern foppery, I conceive that *a blood* of the present day would hardly discern in the peculiarities of my attire, what *once* constituted a *beau* of no ordinary figure in the circles of gallantry and fashion. However despicable a fop appears in any age, I cannot help thinking (and I hope I shall be pardoned) but, that, even these insignificant beings in the scale of society, have greatly *degenerated* from those of my own day. A buck then would *ape* only the acquirements of a gentleman, however much he might over-act the character, or his manners be tinged by the importation of foreign *politesse*. But I cannot help observing, that the present *monkey tribe* seem to aim at accomplishments, at which even a *fop* of those days would blush. Since pugilism, cock-fighting, &c. &c. &c. have become such *refined* amusements, one cannot wonder that, to the *patrons* and *connoisseurs* of the art, the *elegant* and *gentlemanly* deportment of the *professors* have become the standard of *true taste* and *good breeding*. The world, Mr. Gossiper, may now deem me prejudiced and partial, or biased to habits that I was once familiar with. But, would not our noble ancestors, who, in the cumbrous, though dignified splendor of a family coach, struck the vulgar gaze with admiration at the majestic grandeur of their parade, look surprised (could they peep above ground again) at beholding their descendants in this *enlightened* and *improved* age, assuming the places of lackeys and coachmen; and whilst their laced attendants were stowed within the inside of an elegant chariot or phaeton, their *accomplished* mas-

ters were performing the more laborious part of driving, with alarming dexterity, through the "wily mazes" of a square or crescent? I will not attempt the delineation of their features and astonishment, at seeing the embroidered satin coat and waistcoat, the laced ruffles, and diamond buckles, discarded, for the more graceful and fashionable garb, a *drab Benjamin*\* with *mother of pearl buttons*.—But here let me rest;—and ye antient dames of prudence and discretion, may "the turf rest light on your bosoms," lest, in visiting again the world, ye might be led, from your unfashionable notions, to *censure* your fair daughters, who now mount the coach-box with a grace to which ye were strangers; and who sometimes even emulate their more renowned brethren in the management of the whip and reins.

I still remain, &c.

JEREMIAH OLD STYLE.

\* In the modern vocabulary of fashionable terms, a *drab Benjamin* means a great coat with about a dozen capes.

#### THE BUST OF CATHARINE II.

One day, Catharine was told that her bust, in Parian marble, carefully preserved under a crystal glass in one of the apartments of the Hermitage, had just been found painted. Great endeavours were made to irritate her against this insolence, and to cause its authors to be sought after, in order to punish them severely for this insult to her imperial majesty. Catharine II. without appearing either incensed, or surprised, contented herself with saying, "It is, probably, one of the pages, who wanted to rally me on the habit I have of wearing rouge: The only thing to be done is to wash my bust."

THE HEROISM  
OF  
*LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.*

(Continued from page 192.)

CHAPTER IV.

LENONCOURT took the most intemperate measures; he went in anger to Mrs. Reminval; reproached her with having suffered Geminville to trifle with his niece's affections, and encouraged sentiments that she ought to have condemned, and striven to repress. Mrs. Reminval attested her innocence.—Is the young man rich? (asked Lenoncourt, in an arrogant tone.) What are his pretensions? (She nobly answered) At present, Sir, he has only a moderate fortune; but he is heir to a good estate. Oh! madam, he has future prospects! I prefer a present, permanent, and considerable fortune. She then explained her conduct, and said, after being made acquainted with this growing attachment, she had done every thing that duty and honour prescribed. At length, Mrs. Reminval and Lenoncourt parted, little satisfied with each other; he had evinced all the obduracy and *hauteur* of one of those individuals who, intoxicated with the favours of fortune, think themselves distinct from the rest of their race; and of whom the greater part can little flatter themselves with possessing the common feelings of humanity.

On his return, a letter from his niece was delivered to him, couched in these terms—

“Uncle, it is useless to deceive yourself. I should impose upon you, I should be undeserving all confidence, if I deferred declaring to you the truth. I cannot obey



your commands; and most earnestly desire to bury myself in an asylum where I shall find some consolation; and at least be permitted to shed my tears in the presence of heaven uninterrupted. If requisite, I am ready to bind myself by a bond that shall prevent all further importunity concerning an engagement that I could never determine to form with any but Geminville. Yes; I am resolved to take the veil, and die in a convent; imploring pardon of the Supreme Creator for not having been able to subdue the imperious passion by which I am governed. Perhaps I offend the deity; but it is in spite of myself that I yield to this too powerful ardour. Doubtless, I am greatly to blame; I am well persuaded that you desire what you conceive will be for my happiness; that you do act as you would for your own daughter; and are a second father; but, by that sacred name, I entreat you, I conjure you, since I cannot enjoy the satisfaction of living near you, allow me to carry my sorrows to a religious retreat, and terminate my days with resignation. Ah! I cannot too soon be released from an existence which is insupportably burdensome."

Her inflexible guardian was not to be pacified by so affecting an appeal. I am not to be diverted from my purpose (said he to a friend, who had been pleading in favour of his niece); you know not the sex; every thing must bend to their caprice. This obstinate creature shall submit to my commands; and accept the husband that I have chosen for her; her future welfare is concerned; and nothing can come in competition with wealth. I wish to make her happy, in direct opposition to all the obstacles she hopes to throw in my way. (His friend remonstrated.) These are vain efforts to induce me to change my determination. She shall be married immediately. I am anxious to have this affair concluded.

Stephanie was in an unpleasant state of suspense; sometimes she flattered herself that her uncle might be

appeased; and would not resort to unworthy means to make her marry unsuitably a man for whom she felt, if not an abhorrence, an extreme dislike; but these moments of illusion soon vanished; and she relapsed into the cruel certainty, that the inhuman Lenoncourt would be absolutely obeyed; and she believed that nothing but death would terminate her misfortunes.

Her lover, in the mean time, was in a most alarming state of dejection; he was a prey to his passions; and would soon have been bereft of reason, but for the soothing and consoling attentions and advice of friendship.

Stephanie had to undergo new trials, and endure fresh insults. Her uncle introduced to her an individual about forty-five, or fifty years of age; whose appearance alone indicated the man of wealth; in other words, he had that proud look which the world takes for dignity. See, my dear patient, said Lenoncourt, I have brought your intended. (*Miss N. was terrified.*) Minbert, do not let this reception astonish you; my niece is now disconcerted; and the approach of marriage alarms her.—We will endeavour (interrupted the pretended lover, assuming the light tone of gallantry) to reconcile the lady to this change of condition. In truth she is handsome (turning to her guardian); and worthy the honour I intend her. Fortune smiles upon me, young lady; and if *you* will smile upon me, *you* shall partake in her favours. Yes (said Lenoncourt); he has sixty thousand pounds per annum; you can want no better recommendation; you will *live* like a Princess!

The unfortunate creature could not resist the impulse of her feelings; without uttering a word, she burst into tears. Let us leave her (said her uncle) to her childish behaviour. She is terrified at the idea of a husband: this timidity will not last. Let us retire, Minbert; and prepare for the wedding. Minbert expressed his *ardent* wishes for its speedy accomplishment; and begged to kiss Miss Nelson's hand; which she indiguantly with-

drew. Lenoncourt framed an excuse for his niece; and they departed.

The unfeeling guardian had no sooner quitted his *worthy* friend, Minbert, than a more extraordinary visitor was announced to him; no less a personage than Geminville; who thus accosted him—

My name is known to you. I am Geminville. You may well be surprised; I am he who has had the misfortune to conceive and impart to your niece the most ardent passion. I am not come to excuse myself; nor in the hope of effecting a change in your determination, when I tell you that this passion will affect and consume my heart while I have life, and that my greatest pleasure is in believing its termination is not far distant; no, Sir, I am not led here by interested motives. I am not ignorant of what Miss Nelson has suffered on my account. I learn that she resists your desire to ensure her happiness; in short, that she has rejected the alliance you proposed to her; and that she prefers to this marriage the cruel alternative of burying herself in a convent; and I cannot bear the thought of being the cause of this frightful sacrifice! Sir, allow me to see your niece; and in your presence I will resign her, and conduct her ——— (His tongue faltered; he paused for utterance.) My honour and duty will prompt me to this almost supernatural effort. Yes, sir; I will assist you in your intentions. (Lenoncourt's surprise increased, and he doubted what he heard.) I will be the only victim in this unhappy affair. Request Miss Nelson's presence. Alas! it will, in all probability, be the last time we shall see each other!

Miss Nelson entered the apartment; and surprise and agitation were visibly expressed in her countenance.

Miss Nelson, I learn with inexpressible sorrow that our fatal passion, disowned by an inflexible destiny which persecutes us both, is opposed to your happiness. *My* happiness, sir! (much affected.)—Ah! Madam; I have already said, that I can neither contribute to your's,



nor my own! I am, therefore, the first to persuade, to entreat you to comply with the wishes of your uncle. Adieu!!———(Miss Nelson was strongly agitated; the poor fellow stood motionless, and nearly lifeless; till at length, recovering himself, he said, in broken accents,) Sir, I believe I have done all that honour requires; nothing more remains but to take my leave. (And hastily withdrew.)

When Geminville returned, he was nearly in a state of derangement. Stephanie! he exclaimed, thou art the idol of my soul; and yet doomed to be the Wife of another! Distracting thought! How have I been able to renounce this heavenly creature for ever! Oh! after this death-blow to my hopes, what is existence to such a miserable wretch?—And instantly seized a sword, placed it against his breast, and would have mortally pierced his heart, had not Dorneuil luckily entered, snatched the steel from him, and flung it away. Wilt thou stain thyself with suicide? said he; thou who believest in the ordinances of the Creator? Wilt thou commit so horrible a crime? and invoke the thunder of his wrath? Collect thyself; and be a man.

Thanks to thy friendship; I will attend to thy advice; and repent the enormity of such an attempt. I am a wretched man, and strangely bewildered by misfortune; but why should I rush into the presence of an offended deity? Death will come soon enough to release me from the weight of misery with which I am oppressed.

Our inhuman guardian is obliged to leave his charge for some days on *important* business; that is, to receive a considerable sum of money which he had long expected; and travel from home several leagues. He left directions for his niece to prepare for her nuptials, which he intended should be consummated at his return;—but at the time appointed he received the subsequent letter—

“ I write to you from the convent of ————,

Cruel parent, you have compelled me to fly to this last refuge. I implored the assistance of Mrs. Lauroi, whose feelings are more alive to my situation; and she has conducted me to this retreat; where I shall end my days. I wished to live with you; and would have relinquished every other thought; but you have obstinately denied me this consolation; and the only favour that I have solicited. I value not earthly blessings; my eyes are raised to heaven; and I now address my tears to the Throne of Mercy. The Supreme Being will cast an eye of compassion upon my fate; and will not punish me for a partiality that I cannot overcome; which exerts its influence over me even while I am endeavouring to repulse and check its power. Ah! uncle! you have reduced me to great extremities!"

Lenoncourt hastened to Mrs. Lauroi's, who had countenanced his niece in her project of escape. She informed him, that Miss Nelson was determined not to leave the convent; that she would have recourse, if necessary, to all her family to support her in her design; since she preferred religious solitude to all the pleasures that the world could offer.

The author of this act of despair, far from feeling any regret, is transported with rage; he swears that he will not yield to the solicitations of his friends, to the voice of nature, or even the cry of humanity; and added, that, if it were necessary, he would have recourse to the authority of government to draw her from her retreat, and oblige her to return. The entreaties and remonstrances of the family are of no avail; nothing can move her unnatural uncle; that Stephanie shall espouse Minbert is a kind of decree from which there is no appeal.

At length this miserable victim of an inflexible parent, so little worthy of the name, is, on her part, absolutely determined to relinquish the world; and to enter into a contract very different from that of marriage; she

ardently solicited, and obtained the consent of her friends generally, to consummate a sacrifice, that was now become the only object of her wishes.

The fatal day is arrived on which Stephanie is to pronounce a solemn oath that will never permit her after to indulge the least thought of Geminville;—all is ready; she is dragged to the foot of the altar.

Mrs. Reminval redoubled her attentive precautions to the young man, lest he should have the least suspicion of an event that would for ever deprive him of all hope; and the friendship of Dorneuil employed no less zeal to keep him in so necessary an ignorance: had the least intelligence been communicated to him concerning the fate of Stephanie, there was every reason to believe it would have deprived him of life.

Hearts capable of loving, imagine the situation of our two lovers; and complete a picture that must excite your utmost sensibility. Their destiny is fixed! Miss Nelson is on the point of taking the veil; and it will be impossible to keep this frightful news from Geminville.

What an unexpected, what an unforeseen change takes place! At the instant that Miss Nelson, surrounded by her relations, is going to pronounce the terrible vow, a noise is heard, a voice is raised—*Stop, stop!*—a messenger announces that the inexorable Lenoncourt is just deprived of life by a fit of apoplexy.

We may believe that the heart of this man, who appeared so obdurate, had been violently agitated. We never give ourselves up to acts of cruelty with impunity; nature has always its claims; and they are not to be violated without experiencing an inward punishment; which might have occasioned this sudden death.

Then this family, who were bathed in tears, and saw with sorrow this amiable young woman about to embrace a state to which despair alone had driven her, ejaculated simultaneously a shout of joy, united in snatching their

unfortunate relation from the foot of the altar; who scarcely evinced signs of life; and transported her expiring to a carriage. Stephanie, on being withdrawn from the bosom of death, opening her eyes again, and finding herself out of the convent, and at her friend's house, uttered only one single word—Ah! Geminville!

What news for Mrs. Reminval! she could not contain her feelings; she ran to inform the lover of this unexpected revolution; and related all the circumstances that had been concealed from him. It would be difficult to describe the shock that the senses of Geminville experienced; this was a ray of light that restored him from death to life. O heaven! he exclaimed, my dear Stephanie will not be bound by chains that my love would not have been able to break. Now I may be permitted to abandon myself to the pleasing hope of seeing her again; and after fate has granted me this favour, I shall die contented.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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#### A LUDICROUS STORY.

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A scholar, just arrived from the university, sat down to supper with his father and mother. Three eggs were served up. "Dame," says the husband, "your supper is scanty. You should treat your son more liberally." "Let us be content," replied the son, "since there are six eggs on the table."—"How," replied the father, "do you prove that?"—"I will shew you. Do not 1, 2, 3, make six?"—"I will then," rejoined the father, "give one to your mother, take two for myself, and you, son, may help yourself to the remainder."



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*THE FATHER; A TALE.*

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*(Concluded from page 217.)*

ON a temporary stage, erected for the purpose, in a spacious pavillion, the children of Dorigny were to perform a Dramatic Proverb, selected for the occasion;—a seat was placed under a canopy for the Father and Mother, and a select number of friends; at the conclusion of the piece, each was to present their offering with a few appropriate verses; and the amusement was to conclude with a dance. At an early hour, the visitors assembled at the house of Dorigny; and after partaking of some refreshments, adjourned to the temporary theatre. The juvenile performers acquitted themselves with credit; and Theodore, as he asserted, was as perfect as any of them. The concluding scene was to be a grove; and, on the rising of the curtain, the first object which presented itself to the astonished Dorigny was a beautiful American Aloe, which he instantly recollected to be the same he had been so anxious to possess: the tub which held it was decorated with garlands of flowers; and on the pedestal which supported it was the following simple inscription—"Like these beautiful, but fragile flowers, the pleasures of youth fade and perish; while, like this externally rough, but precious Aloe, virtue retains its power to charm in the maturity of age." Dorigny, who instantly comprehended the delicacy of the compliment, and justly appreciated the filial piety thus elegantly and happily evinced, could scarcely refrain from expressing his feelings before the company assembled; the tears trickled down his cheeks, while Madame gazed upon the strange present with mingled admiration and wonder. The rest of the family now advanced with their respective offerings, which were affectionately received; and the evening concluded plea-

santly to all. When the guests retired, Dorigny instantly hastened to interrogate his son. "How did you contrive to procure me that plant, Theodore? Believe me, it has given me great pleasure; not merely by the gratification of an almost forgotten whim, but as a proof of my son's affection; which renders it to me valuable indeed!" "Forgive me, dear sir," replied Theodore; "if to procure you this pleasure I occasioned you a few hours uneasiness; but I wished to cause an agreeable surprise; and have happily succeeded." "But where did you get sufficient money to make the purchase, Theodore?" "Oh!" replied the youth, carelessly, "my good genius supplied me with the means." "I do not understand you;" returned his father, seriously. "I will confess then," said Theodore, smiling, "I committed a robbery." "You terrify me!" exclaimed Dorigny; while he fixed his scrutinizing eye on the unchanging countenance of his son. "Yes, indeed," resumed Theodore; "I robbed sleep of a few hours every night; and dedicated them to the Muses; in short, my dear father, I composed a small volume of poetical trifles, carried them to V——, and was fortunate enough to dispose of them for the sum I wanted, in addition to what I had saved out of my allowance; I then immediately purchased the Aloe; and hope you will not be displeased at the means I took to obtain it." "So then, this is the whole mystery of your conduct," returned Dorigny; "well, you are a strange boy; and pray what return do you expect me to make you for this gratification?" "The return of your esteem and confidence, sir," replied Theodore; "which I fear I have imprudently forfeited." "It is your's, my son," exclaimed Dorigny, embracing him; "never were you dearer to my heart than at this moment." In fact, the disinterestedness and amiable tenderness of his son affected him forcibly; yet on one point he would not recede from his word; nor did Theodore for an instant imagine that his conduct on this occasion merited any

other concession than what he had so readily obtained; a perfect reconciliation with his father being all he had presumed to hope for, or expect.

The filial piety and submission of Theodore were, however, about to be put to a new and severe trial; for, after several months of unalloyed domestic happiness, death robbed him of the best of mothers. The grief of her children was unbounded; that of her husband appeared to settle into a decided melancholy; and it was a considerable time before he could endure the society even of his children. The astonishment of Theodore, however, may be easily conceived, when, in less than six months after the death of his wife, Dorigny took his son apart from the family; and thus addressed him: "The loss of your excellent and beloved mother, Theodore, is a calamity I shall never cease to deplore: I will not call it wholly irreparable; because I am now about to fill her place with one who is, in every respect, calculated to promote my future comfort, and the happiness of my children; and although I may never be able to bear towards her that affection which I did my Jaqueline, I am certain she will, after my own children, be most dear to me. Perhaps the measure I am about to adopt may be unpleasant to you; if so, I shall sincerely regret it; but will not in that case require you to remain here; all I ask of you is to receive with kindness and civility the person appointed to be the head of my family; and as you value my regard and your responsibility as a son, shew a proper example to your brothers and sisters." Theodore was too strongly affected to make any immediate reply; but he bowed his head in token of submission; and hurried away to conceal his emotion. There now remained for him the unpleasant task of preparing the rest of the family for this unlooked for, and to them extremely unwelcome arrangement; and of this painful duty he acquitted himself highly to the satisfaction of his father.

At first, they were inclined to murmur; but the judicious remonstrances and pious exhortations of Theodore soon rendered them more submissive; and they promised to conduct themselves in such a manner as would evince no disrespect to the person chosen by their father to supply the place of a parent whose memory was so dear to them. "If she is good and kind," said Jaqueline, "it would certainly be both selfish and ungrateful of us to make her an improper return; and if my father thinks her worthy, it is our duty to do the same; and though I can never love her as I did my own mother, I will do all in my power to conciliate her good will and esteem." "You are in the right, Jaqueline," returned her brother; "I am sure my father will be satisfied if you act up to this determination. It is the cheerful performance of irksome duties which evinces true merit." Nothing more passed on the subject, till after the departure of Dorigny; who previously desired them to have every thing in readiness to receive their new relation at the expiration of three days. "I wonder," said Jaqueline, with a sigh, to her brother, "how we shall like this new relation; you see even my father did not care to call her *Mother*; but I suppose we must when she arrives. I wonder what sort of a woman she is! Old, and ugly, and ill natured, very likely." "I hope she is not very young," returned Theodore, with a dejected smile; "as to her beauty, it is of very little consequence; ill natured, I am sure she must be, if she is unkind to you, my Jaqueline; but of what use are conjectures; we shall see and know her soon enough; perhaps too soon. We will hope for the best, however."

At the expiration of the appointed time, the travelling carriage drove into the court-yard; the younger part of the family hurried to the windows, while Theodore, grasping his sister's hand in expressive silence, retired to the further end of the room. "Now," cried Julian, "papa is getting out; but I cannot see the lady. Oh! there she



is; all in black; she is not a bit like our mama, I am sure." "There, now papa is handing her out," cried Adelaide; "but I cannot see her face through that thick veil; I do not think she is old, however." Theodore and his sister now thought it would appear disrespectful, if they did not hasten to receive their father; and they accordingly hurried down stairs. Dorigny appeared highly pleased by this proof of attention; and immediately relinquished the hand of the lady into that of his son, who conducted her up stairs in silence; but scarcely had he led his charge to a seat, when she threw back her veil, and discovered to the astonished and dismayed Theodore the features of his still secretly cherished Lauretta! "Well, Theodore," enquired Dorigny, smiling at his consternation, "has admiration struck you dumb? You did not expect, I believe, to see a lady quite so young and handsome. What do you think of my taste?" "Sir!" stammered Theodore, "I do not comprehend you. I should not have expected this from a *father*!" "I dare say not," returned Dorigny, drily, "and such a father as I have been; but it is your birth-day, Theodore; and I wished to give you an agreeable surprise." "Is it," replied Theodore; "I declare I did not recollect it." Theodore strove to speak this with indifference; but his voice faltered; and he was unable to proceed. "Well then," resumed Dorigny, "I will not torment you any further. On my birth-day, even after I had acted most unjustly by you, you most generously studied my gratification; and made me a valuable present: to prove that I have not forgotten the obligation, neither am ungrateful, I now make a present, to you, I am sure equally valuable, in this young lady. As your wife, she shall be mistress of my house; and a mother to my younger children; I never wish to introduce any other here."

An exclamation of delight burst from every one present; Theodore threw himself into his father's arms; and, for a

few minutes, gave way to sensibility he could not repress ; then recovering himself, saluted his beloved Lauretta, and gaily reproached her for the part she had taken in his father's teasing frolic:

" Obedience to a father was always the first impulse of my heart, Theodore," she replied. " Alas ! I have now no other than M. Dorigny." " Well, well," interrupted Dorigny ; " we will have no melancholy retrospections now ; I shall feel them as a reproach that I have delayed your happiness so long ; I have still a satisfaction in reflecting, that the last moments of my poor Jaqueline were made happy by my promise that I would prove myself a Father."

E. T,

#### *PYLÆUS A MODECIA,*

A native of Milan, was a celebrated lawyer at Bologna in the year 1170. His address in managing the following cause deserves to be remembered. Some workmen, on the point of hurling a stone from a high place, called out to persons passing beneath, that they should take care. A man going by neglecting the caution given, was wounded by a stone ; and summoned the workmen into a court of law, and demanded damages. The workmen employed Pylæus as their counsellor. On examining the story, Pylæus found that it would be impossible to prove by witnesses that his clients had called out to the passers by. He made use of this stratagem in their behalf. Leading the workmen into the court, they were interrogated by the judge why they had hurled down the stone so carelessly. As their counsel advised them, they kept silence. The judge being astonished at this, Pylæus informed him, that his clients were deaf and dumb. The plaintiff exclaimed, " Nay, I heard these very men call out to every body to take care." " They then must be acquitted," rejoined Pylæus, " as no damages can be awarded."

## ANECDOTES

OF

## INTERESTING FEMALES,

*Who signalized themselves during the French Revolution,*

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*(Continued from page 209.)*

IF Hymen, in these horrible times, did his utmost for the unfortunate, we may judge that Love, more exalted and more impetuous, would not be outdone in generosity.

The mistress of a Toulouse merchant is a striking example of it. He had been condemned by the revolutionary commission of this town; but this sentence having been pronounced at night, his execution was put off to the next day: his mistress heard of this delay, and prepared herself to take advantage of it, and rescue him from his executioners. An uninhabited house was contiguous to the place in which he was to pass the night: his mistress, who, while he was in distress, had sold every thing to give away money in his behalf, immediately bought this house. She flew to it, followed by a servant on whom she could depend. They assisted each other in boring the wall contiguous to the prison; and made an aperture in it sufficiently large to give the captive whom they wished to release a passage out; but the vicinity was filled with guards; how was he to be concealed from their sight? A military disguise, that this provident friend had carried, favoured his escape. Himself, dressed like a gendarm, conducted him amidst the sentinels. They thus traversed the town without being recognised; and passed even before the place on which they were already erecting the instrument which was to put an end to days that love knew how to preserve.

Love also saved a young man of Bourdeaux, thrown into one of the prisons of that town. The unwholesome air that he breathed there had changed his health; he was sent to the hospital; where a young girl, named Theresa, was charged with the office of attending him. He had an engaging person, and joined the advantages of birth and fortune. He at first interested her by the sweetness of his physiognomy; and when he had related to her his misfortunes and his fears, compassion ended what a tender interest had begun. She resolved to help him to make his escape. After having communicated to him this design, without confessing to him her partiality, she recommended him to feign violent convulsions; and at last to counterfeit the state of death. The young man executed the stratagem agreed. Theresa, according to custom, spread the sheet of his bed over his head. The physician attended him at the accustomed hour; she announced to him that his patient was just dead; and he went away without suspecting the deception. Theresa pretended that the supposed dead man was claimed for the instruction of pupils, and had him conveyed to the dissection-room. As soon as he was there delivered, she covered him with the clothes of a surgeon, in whom they confided; and, by the help of this vestment, he escaped without being remarked. They interrogated Theresa, who made use of no dissimulation; and won their good-will so much by her frankness, that she was spared. Nevertheless, she had inspired a still more lively passion than that which she experienced; the young Bordelais persuaded her to come to his asylum; and there, falling at her feet, he conjured her to adorn the life which she had saved by consenting to become his wife. We may judge, that she consented; and received, while she imparted happiness. They fled to Spain, and were married.

A widow, in her prime, displayed for her lover, imprisoned in a department of the North, an energy which was not so successful. When she first heard of his detention, she



ran to solicit his release; she was repulsed; she asked to see him, or to be confined with him; they refused all she requested. She flew towards his prison, which fronted the street, and there waited an opportunity of descrying him: he appeared at a window; and we may imagine what these lovers must then have felt. She came thus for some time to encounter wind, and rain, and the rudeness of sentinels, worse than all the inclemencies of the atmosphere, to obtain a short interview.\* But one day, at the moment of her arrival, what a spectacle met her view! a cart departing for death; and her lover bound, with several other victims. At this sight, she threw herself upon the horses, tried to stop them, called the people to her aid, supplicated them to prevent the death of him whom she loved. The satellites seized her; she strove to disengage herself from their hands to fly again towards the unfortunate man they were carrying away;—still held by them, she reproached them with their cowardly obedience to tigers; she conjured them to unite her to the fate of him who was dearer to her than any other being in the world. They attempted to remove her; when she seized one of their sabres; and plunged it into her heart. Her blood spurted out; the multitude were affected; the soldiers remained stupefied; her lover was distracted; and his unfortunate companions forgot the stroke which

\* It was the same at Paris. Every day, in all weather, the garden of the Luxembourg was filled with women, who, notwithstanding the excess of heat, or cold, came to pass the morning there to have a glimpse for an instant from the windows, or upon the roofs of the building, of their brothers, their fathers, their husbands, confined, to address them, or receive from them a look, a gesture, a token of attachment and regret. Some did more: on the outside of other prisons, where the common sewers met, they leant downwards over these infectious waters to converse with a friend, or a parent, and remove the fears of mistrust, too natural to misfortune, by the most tender protestations.

awaited them in the contemplation of his frightful situation.

Madame C——r could not equally prove her love to M. Boyer but by dying with him.—They were detained together at Paris. One day, M. Boyer was cited before the tribunal as a witness. His companions in misfortune felt that they should not see him more; and every eye was cast upon his mistress. She appeared very calm; and shut herself up to write. One of her friends, fearing lest this apparent tranquillity should hide an inauspicious project, watched her steps, and intercepted a letter that she had written to the public accuser. This letter learnt him every thing that was passing in her burning mind. Madame C——r wished for the return of royalty; which was to ask for death; and she expected it; but receiving no intelligence, she feared lest her letter should have miscarried. She wrote another, and took care to have it safely delivered. Nevertheless, they hid the journals from her, because her lover was upon the list of executed: she said to her friends—*I know that he is no more; conceal nothing from me; I have courage.* They confessed to her, that she had lost her all. She received this last blow with the greatest firmness; and retired to her apartment a second time. There she again read all her lover's letters, made herself a girdle with them, and passed the rest of the night in weeping for him. The next day, she dressed herself in a studied manner; and at breakfast, while she was at table with the other prisoners, she heard the bell! *They are come for me!* she exclaimed, with joy. *Adieu! my friends; I am happy; I am going to follow him!* At these words, she cut off her beautiful hair, and divided it among her friends; she afterwards gave a ring to one; a necklace to another; and left them, after having prayed them sometimes to cast a look upon her presents! She flew to the tribunal. They asked her, if she was the author of the letter for which she was called to answer. *Yes, cruel men; I wrote the letter; you*

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*have assassinated my lover ; strike me in my turn ; I bring you my head.* Arrived at the scaffold, she cried out *He perished here, yesterday, at the same hour ; I see his blood ! Executioner, mingle with it that of his mistress !* After having pronounced these words, she gave herself up to the murderous machine, repeating to the last the name of him whom she adored.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### JULIA'S POETICAL GARLAND.

The passion of love never invented a more elegant, polite, and ingenious piece of gallantry, than the Garland which the Duke de Montausier presented on a new year's day to his mistress, Julia d'Angennes. He employed an artist to paint in miniature, on pieces of vellum of equal size, the most beautiful flowers that he could collect. In a space left under the flowers, he inserted verses descriptive of the beauty of the flowers, and applicable to the praises of Julia. He entreated his contemporary wits (with most of whom he was well acquainted) to supply him with copies of verses, reserving the greater part of the subjects for his own pen. These little epigrams were transcribed under each flower, and on the vellum, by a person remarkable for the beauty of his hand-writing. The Duke then had them bound most sumptuously, and two copies taken of them; each of which he put into a bag of Spanish leather. This present was placed on the toilet of Julia, and discovered by her on the morning of a new year's day, 1633 or 1634, the year in which Gustavus, King of Sweden, died ; which epoch is marked by the Imperial Crown, one of the flowers which composed the garland. " I had long been desirous," says M. Huet, " to see this effusion of love and poetry. The Duchess of Usez procured me this pleasure, by locking me into her cabinet one day after dinner ; where I amused myself with the Garland, and thought that afternoon was the most charming one I had ever passed."



**MY COUSIN KATE;**

BY

**A WHIMSICAL BACHELOR.**

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*(Continued from page 203.)*

HAVING never been at an entertainment of the sort, I readily agreed to the proposal; and after the confusion occasioned by finding myself for the first time in such a disorderly throng had subsided, I entered into the full spirit of the diversion; and surveyed the females with particular attention; I chatted promiscuously with them, according to their characters; some answered aptly enough; while others amused me by their absurd misconception of the character they had assumed. At length, my attention was rivetted to an elegantly formed girl in the character of a Savoyard: at the pressing instance of the party who accompanied her, she at length consented to sing a pastoral rondo; which she executed with peculiar energy and sweetness; but her manner was diffident, and occasionally her tremulous tones bespoke extreme embarrassment. I did not immediately address her; but she had awakened an interest in my bosom which impelled me to watch her narrowly. I saw that she repelled the familiarity of several impertinent young fellows with cool dignity; which convinced me she was a woman of character; and when she did condescend to answer any particular address, it was with extreme modesty and striking propriety.

In the course of the evening, she was several times solicited to dance; but uniformly gave a polite denial. I will try, however, said I to myself, who knows but my lucky star may preside at this moment? I accordingly approached her; and proffered my request in the most respectful manner possible. "It is not my wish to dance, Sir," she replied, "but I believe I must overcome my scruples, if I would not be exposed to much unpleasant

solicitation; I have no doubt you will soon be happy to release me." "She spoke this in so natural a tone, that I felt certain she was not angling for a compliment; I therefore took her hand; and leading her to the set, merely said, "I will release you the moment you consider my attentions impertinent, or irksome." "Nay," said she gaily, "I wish you had expressed yourself in a different manner; for now I cannot demand my freedom without a tacit reproach." "Well then," said I, in the same tone, "let us reverse it, and I will ask permission to relinquish your hand when I meet with one whose society I should prefer." "Are you in the habit of serving my sex in that manner?" She enquired with peculiar emphasis. Fortunately my mask hid the conscious blush which her question had raised. "Perhaps," said I, affecting nonchalance, "like many others, I know how to make a prudent retreat to prevent certain disgrace." "I see," she replied, "you are too deep a politician for me; so, if you please, we will attend to the figure." If I was before enchanted by her voice, the charm was not diminished by her dancing; she moved with grace, ease, and animation; no affected gestures, nor conceited display, marked her movements; all was natural, and consequently fascinating; it may be supposed I did not fail to express my admiration; but when I thought myself most happy in my choice of gallant expressions, she was either wholly inattentive, or playfully satirical; still, however, her wit was chastened by a degree of modest propriety which rendered it inoffensive; and I thought her the most bewitching creature I had ever been in company with. What would I not have given for a peep at her face. At the conclusion of the evening's entertainment, I solicited most humbly the favour of being admitted to pay my respects to her the next day; to which she politely replied, that "she felt highly flattered by my civility, but, as she was at present only on a visit, she could not with propriety receive any person who was not among the

number of those who were in habits of intimacy with the family." "May I then presume so far as to enquire the name of the family with whom you are staying." "Excuse me, sir; that would be inviting you to seek an acquaintance which cannot possibly afford you either pleasure, or advantage." She spoke this in such a serious tone, that I instantly took the alarm; and relinquishing her hand, bowed coolly, and wished her a good night. No sooner, however, was she out of sight than I regretted my own foolish precipitancy. "She may be engaged," thought I; "but I will try to find out who she is; it will be a gratification to my curiosity at any rate." I instantly sought Harcourt; and, taking his arm, informed him of what was passing in my mind; and entreated him to find out who the lady was with whom I had been dancing. "What, my whimsical bachelor!" he exclaimed, "are you caught at last? and at a masquerade too? I really thought you more circumspect." "Banter me as you please," I replied, "only find out the lady's name, or that of the person with whom she resides." "I can tell you," returned he, "that she went away in Admiral Vernon's carriage." "Indeed! then you too remarked her!" "I happen to be acquainted with the Admiral," was his answer. "And do you know the lady?" "I do know a young lady who is on a visit there; her name is Mornington." "And will you introduce me?" "Why really you are so warm on the subject, that I know not whether it would be prudent to comply. Suppose I have an interest there myself." "It cannot be," cried I eagerly; "you did not speak to her all the evening; but if you are serious, Harcourt, there's an end of it." "Oh!" replied he gaily, "do not imagine I am afraid of you; you shall have a fair chance; but, upon second thoughts, my introducing you might perhaps give a check to the affair; so, my dear fellow, take courage, and introduce yourself; by letter I mean." "Would she not be offended?" "How the deuce am I to know? Women are seldom displeased

with such offers, if they are made with delicacy and address." "But she seems of a superior stamp." "In your eyes, probably she may; but you may be a little dazzled; at all events make the trial." "Well," returned I; "I will treat you with a laugh at my expence." And as soon as I returned to my lodging, I compiled what I considered a half sheet of irresistible persuasion; to which I received the following reply, written in a most beautiful female hand—

"Miss Mornington returns her most grateful acknowledgements for the flattering distinction with which she has been honoured by Mr. Elmore; but as she has strong reasons for doubting his sincerity; and unanswerable objections against admitting his visits on her own account, hopes he will not subject himself to a more pointed denial by any future application of the kind."

This billet I shewed to Harcourt; and asked him if there was any hope for me after such a decisive rejection. "I should think not," said he; "but still there is no accounting for some people's whims." "True," replied I; "and her refusal of me must be a whim; for she did not seem disgusted by my attentions the evening of the masquerade; and she cannot know any thing of my character." "No more than you do of her face; perhaps that would not bear scrutiny either." "I will persevere, however," said I, "if I have your permission. When do you go to the admiral's?" "I will call this morning, if you please to accompany me." I took him at his word; and we strolled to Harley-street. The Admiral was just taking his chocolate: after discussing a few uninteresting topics, Harcourt enquired for the ladies. "They are just gone upon a charitable errand," said he; "the wife of a poor seaman has met with an accident, which they no sooner heard of than they hastened personally to afford her relief and assistance." Concluding that he meant Mrs. Vernon and Miss Mornington, no further questions



were asked, and we soon afterwards took leave. On turning into the square, however, we encountered two ladies; one of whom Harcourt immediately addressed as Miss Mornington; my heart palpitated violently; and when introduced by my friend, I paid my respects in the most awkward manner possible. The ladies wore large bonnets and thick muslin veils; so that I was still in the dark as to the charms, or deformities, of her who, notwithstanding, had the power to cause me the strongest emotion I had ever experienced in my life; and during the rest of our walk, I remained so abstracted, that Harcourt rallied me without mercy. In the evening, I strolled to the theatre; and happened to enter the very next box to that occupied by the Admiral and a party of ladies; among whom I looked in vain for my *incognita*; for I could not imagine that she made one of a set who, attired in the extreme of fashion, set even decency at defiance; and made a display of their persons sufficient to raise a blush on my cheek. "No," said I, mentally; "it is impossible; a woman who conducted herself with modesty and decorum under a mask, would not thus degrade herself; it is too inconsistent to be credited." At that moment, I spied Harcourt; and, hastening to him, begged to know if Miss Mornington was of the Admiral's party. "I should have thought instinct would have pointed her out to you without my aid," replied he, laughing. "I thought the power of sympathy could do wonders." "It must indeed do wonders, if it taught me to find her among those who, if women of character, cannot, in the strict sense of the word, be called modest women," replied I, sarcastically. Harcourt shrugged his shoulders. "You are a queer fellow; but I suppose you want a pretence for your inconstancy; however, that is Admiral Vernon's guest who sits on the left hand of his lady. I am going to pay my respects to them; accompany me, if you please." "That," I repeated, directing my glass to the lady in question, "that she!" Why she is

ten times uglier than my Cousin Kate." I own the discovery gave me extreme mortification; not that I made beauty a material consideration; but I certainly expected her who had so unaccountably interested me to appear in a more agreeable form; for the lady I now beheld was neither to be extolled for beauty, nor admired for sweetness of countenance; a sour forbidding look was the only expression her features seemed adapted to, and I instantly changed the words of the poet into

" If to her share some bright perfections fall,  
" Look in her face, and you forget them all."

" Unconscionably severe and illiberal," cried Harcourt; " but, come, they perceive us; will you not have a little chat with your charmer?" " I am not in a very gallant humour, I believe," said I; " however, I will attend you." We immediately went round, and joined the party. " I made a ceremonious bow to Miss Mornington; which was returned by one as cold and stiff on her side. " You see we are quite rakes," said Mrs. Vernon; but as Miss Mornington leaves us to-morrow to return into the country, we wished to give her all the pleasure in our power. I began to breathe freely; and the hope that there might be some mistake induced me to advance a few apparently careless questions. " I presume you were at the last Masquerade, Madam." " Yes; we made a strong party; your friend pointed us out to you, no doubt." Indeed he was not so obliging; but I rather think I had the honour of dancing with Miss Mornington; she was in the dress of a Savoyard." " I must not tell tales," replied Mrs. Vernon, smiling; " Miss Mornington did not inform me who she danced with that evening; but I cannot believe it was you, from some observation she made to the disadvantage of her partner." " Indeed!" returned I, " pray of what misconduct did she accuse me? If I transgressed, it was unintentionally." " Oh! I do not know that her partner did any thing to offend

her; neither can I suppose it was you; for she said he was a forward, loquacious, coxcomical young man, who overwhelmed her with the most fulsome flattery; which disgusted her the more from knowing he was only making a jest of her." Mrs. Vernon spoke this in a whisper; and although I gave all due credit to the good sense of Miss Mornington, in resenting what must have appeared to her a premeditated insult, I felt indignant that she should have trifled with me so long; it was this consideration that prevented me from making any apology; and not finding my present situation very agreeable, I took the earliest opportunity of quitting the box, determined to visit no more at the Admiral's, until the object of my former ridiculous admiration, and present dislike, was removed.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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#### A SINGULAR DECREE.

Aulus Gellius, in his "Attic Nights," book xii, chap. 7, borrows the following story from Valerius Maximus, chap. xiv. book 8. A lady of Smyrna, enraged at her husband and son for having put to death a son of hers, by a former marriage, a youth of great promise, poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. Cn. Dolabella (who was then Pro-consul in Asia, and before whom the cause was brought), unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes, which she had fully confessed, and at the same time loath to condemn a mother who avenged the murder of her son, transmitted the decision to the court of the Arcopagus. The judges, sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed, that "The prosecutor and the culprit should appear before them again at the end of one hundred years, and then judgement should be passed on the criminal."

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*AGNES ADDISON;*

A SIMPLE TALE;

BY ORA.

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*(Continued from page 222.)*

MR. THOMSON soon returned; and was astonished to hear of Hamilton's visit; his uncle evaded his enquiries with a plausible story, and he again became his dupe. But the time was drawing nigh, in which he himself was to be the victim of his duplicity and avarice: at the commencement of his intimacy with the Morrisons, his wary uncle foresaw the consequences, and was determined to avert them; he did not, however, think that Gilbert would have acted without his consent, and was almost distracted when, a few days after his marriage, it was announced to him. He dissembled his rage, to make his victim sure; and for some months was indecisive; at last, he dispatched Gilbert to England for his sister; and a few days afterwards, sent a haughty message for Mr. Morrison to attend him. The venerable old man waited upon him; but the fears of the father did not make him forget the dignity of the man; with a firm step, and undaunted countenance, he entered the apartment of Mr. Mandeville, who instantly gave vent to the storm which had been so long gathering in his bosom. When he had overwhelmed him with a torrent of abuse, he began to cool a little; and told him, if he and his grand-child would sign a paper, denying the marriage, and renouncing every claim whatever on the family, with a condition that Helen Morrison should leave Orkney, he would settle upon her a sufficient sum of money to keep her from want, and provide for her child, as he understood she was soon likely to have one. The blood instantly rushed from the heart of Mr. Morrison to his face; but checking his feelings, he calmly replied—



"I did not think, Mr. Mandeville, you could have carried your insulting meanness so far; but I forgive you; you know me too well to make it necessary to give any answer to your proposal. Helen is the lawful wife of Gilbert Thomson: as such, I will retain and protect her, until her husband shall demand her from me; to no other will I give her up; and I know, deceive that excellent young man as you will, he will never, with his own free will, falsify the vows he has plighted to her in the face of God and man."

"Mr. Morrison, I would have you consider what good purpose this obstinacy can answer;—I am lord and master here; and you are entirely in my power."—"You have not power to controul the laws; to them I can appeal, and they will protect me."

"I know no law, Sir, that will protect one who meanly steals into a family to poison their peace; to seduce children from their obedience; and impose your low-born pennyless daughters on them; but, look ye, Mr. Morrison, though you should even have justice on your side, I have that (clapping his hand on his pocket) which, if rightly handled, will kick dame justice down the stairs, and you after her."

He then burst from the room, foaming with passion; and Mr. Morrison walked calmly down stairs; and sought his humble habitation: when arrived there, he was astonished to find that Helen had gone out; as he had left her in bed rather indisposed. "What has become of Helen?" said he, to the servant.—"Indeed, Sir, she seemed to be much alarmed when she heard you had gone to Mr. Mandeville's; and insisted on rising, and going after you." Mr. Morrison felt very uneasy at the thought of Helen's being exposed to Mr. Mandeville's rudeness, and instantly returned: he was old and feeble; and it was some time before he reached the house again:—he found a crowd gathered round the door; and pressed rather anxiously through them; but, oh God! what a horrid sight he beheld; his Helen, his lovely innocent child, lay ex-

tended on the ground; her head resting on the lap of a woman, who sat on the step of the door; her face covered with blood; and her pure soul seemed for ever to have quitted its beautiful mansion! He threw himself beside her—"Helen, my murdered child, I will die with thee; carry us to the grave together.—Oh! Helen, my lovely child, hast thou too left me? who will close these old dim eyes? no hand of thine, my Helen! Ah, no! thy soft hands are already stiff in death! And who will tell this bloody tale to thy husband; not I! not I!—no, no, keep him away;—the sight would kill him!" Here the poor distracted father and his child were carried into a neighbouring cottage.

Helen, who had taken another road, and missed her grandfather, entered Mr. Mandeville's just as he had left it; and was shewn up stairs by a servant; where she encountered all the fury of Mr. Mandeville; and was terrified almost to fainting! He then endeavoured to speak without anger; and made the same proposal which he had already made to Mr. Morrison; her faintness instantly left her; and with firmness she exclaimed, "Never, never!" "We will see that," said he; and producing a paper, he forced a pen into her hand. "Sign that instantly; or tremble for the consequences." She read the paper; and dashed the pen on the ground—"I never will! Mr. Mandeville." She turned to go out of the room, and had reached the stairs, when he, with the look and action of a demon, seized her arm, and shaking her violently, again demanded if she would sign the paper. "No," said she; pale and trembling! "Then perdition seize thee, and all thy cursed race!" said he; and pushed her with violence from him; she fell down the stairs, and lay void of sense and motion at the bottom.

Helen had received a wound on her head, and was much bruised by her fall; in the night, she gave birth to an infant, who died a few hours after; she herself lingered for nearly a month; but never recovered her reason;

she then resigned her fair and spotless spirit into the hands of him who gave it. As it was impossible to remove her, she expired at the cottage.

Mr. Morrison was carried to the parsonage, where he continued in a state of harmless melancholy derangement; but incessantly calling on his departed Helen.

In vain Mr. Mandeville endeavoured to keep the tragical fate of Helen and his infant a secret from Mr. Thomson; the story was but too well told; and almost deprived him of reason! The sight of his uncle would have driven him to madness, and he very prudently avoided his presence.

At the grave of Helen, Gilbert spent his nights, regardless of the pelting shower, and chilling wind; and through the day, he hid himself in his chamber from the sight of every human being; even the presence of Sibelia was irksome to him; and she saw, with the bitterest anguish, that her beloved brother was fast hastening to rejoin his Helen!

Mr. Fenton had been for some time absent from Orkney, and had just returned; he flew with eagerness to meet his promised bride; and was shocked, and astonished to find the family in such distress. The cruel story, which was whispered about, soon met his ear, and, with some other circumstances which had fallen under his observation, partly opened his eyes to the true character of Mr. Mandeville; Sibelia had, however, really made an impression on his heart; and her heightened beauty and elegant manners now completed the conquest! When Sibelia had last seen him, she had hardly taken any notice of him; but now the tender friendship he seemed to feel for Gilbert, and his delicate attentions towards herself, made a lively impression on her heart; her warmest friendship she freely gave him; her love was too firmly engaged elsewhere for time to alter. When he made an offer of his hand and fortune to her; but without hinting at what had passed between him and her uncle, she candidly told him the state of her heart; and concealed nothing relative to Hamilton from him. In this disappointment, his peace re-



ceived a mortal stab ; but his pride and his delicacy equally prevented him from tormenting the object of his adoration with his hopeless passion !

In a few months, Gilbert Thomson fell, in the bloom of youth, the victim of his uncle's avarice and cruelty ; he was laid beside his Helen, and her heart-broken grand-sire, who died a few days before him ; and the sod that covered their clay was often embalmed with the tears of the truest, tenderest affection !

The only consolation of the forlorn Sibelia was to mingle her tears with those of the generous Mr. Fenton ; and to talk to him of her lost brother. Every hour that Mr. Fenton spent with her, increased his love and his misery ; but he confined his anguish to his own bosom ; and at last tore himself from the lovely cause ; and poor Sibelia was left to solitary wretchedness and woe.

Mr. Mandeville had really become a wretched object : the vengeance of heaven had overtaken him ; he was confined to his room, quite a cripple, with the rheumatism ; his airy schemes had fallen to the ground ; his nephew was hurried to the grave, the victim of his ambition : though the power of the law had not been employed against him, yet he was universally hated as a murderer ; his attendants detested, and neglected him ; his unhappy, and much injured niece, though her soul thrilled with secret horror at the sight of him, was the only person who treated him with the least kindness and attention. This was truly a virtue in Sibelia, as she really abhorred him, and justly looked upon him as the destroyer of her brother's life, and her own happiness ! He was soon confined entirely to bed, and his life despaired of. Here Sibelia treated him with all the care and tenderness of a child ; his flinty heart was at length touched ; and with burning tears of remorse and horror, he told her the treachery he had been guilty of with regard to Hamilton ; at the same time giving vent to his agony by the confession of crimes, at the bare mention of which her feelings were agonized. He made a



will, leaving all his property to Sibelia; declaring it was only an act of justice, as every thing he possessed had been wrested from her parents. Sibelia exerted her utmost art to soothe the repentant sinner; she read the sacred Psalms to him; encouraged him to look up for mercy and forgiveness from his God, through the merits of his blessed Redeemer! and kneeling at his bed-side, poured forth her soul in fervent prayer in his behalf. Alternately he lifted up his feeble hands to invoke the mercy of heaven on his own soul, and its choicest blessings on Sibelia's head.

He lingered for many weeks; and at last expired; leaving Sibelia the richest female in Orkney; but, at the same time, the most forlorn. That Hamilton had been basely deceived, she now knew; but no longer indulged the hope that she was still beloved: her fancy painted him already the husband of another, and happy in some lovelier, and more fortunate female.

One day, about a month after her uncle's death, she was sitting with a book in her hand, but her imagination was wandering through far distant scenes, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Fenton entered: they were mutually struck with each other's altered appearance; she no more beheld the handsome, the elegant William Fenton; nor he the beautiful Sibelia Thomson; two breathing skeletons flew to salute each other. Mr. Fenton was thrown off his guard by Sibelia's surprise and joy; he pressed her fervently in his arms, and she wept on his bosom; then, suddenly starting, he seated her gently on a chair, and sat down beside her.

"My charming Sibelia, how sadly you are altered! you indulge your sorrows too much; you will ruin your health; but tell me, Sibelia, are you not happy to see your brother?"

Sibelia was more composed; and felt the impropriety of her conduct—"As a brother, Mr. Fenton will always be dear to me, and in his brotherly affection will consist a great part of the happiness of the truly widowed Sibelia!"

Mr. Fenton sighed deeply; and turned away to conceal his emotion.—“But, my dear sister, is there no other person you would be happy to see? who occupies even more of your thoughts than your affectionate brother, William Fenton?”

“What do you mean?” said she, looking earnestly at him.

“I mean, that I have seen Mr. Hamilton! that he still adores his Sibelia!”

Sibelia trembled; but was unable to speak—

“That he waits her permission to throw himself at her feet.”

“Where, where is he?” cried Sibelia, rising in the utmost agitation! In a moment, the long lost, long beloved Edward Hamilton was at her feet; and she sunk senseless into the arms of Mr. Fenton.

The generous Mr. Fenton had left Orkney with a determination to find Mr. Hamilton, if he was still an inhabitant of this world, and restore him to Sibelia; he had been at length successful; he found he was still in the navy, and commanded a frigate. After waiting some time with great anxiety, he at last met him at Yarmouth; and there the astonished Hamilton found the most generous and disinterested of human beings in the man he most detested; and supposed himself most injured by!

Hamilton and Sibelia were united by Mr. Matthews, in the presence of Mr. Fenton, and some of the most respectable people in both the islands. They then proceeded to Kirkwall, when Mr. Fenton left them, and returned to his own island, to devote his blooming youth to hopeless love, and gloomy solitude!

Captain and Mrs. Hamilton left Kirkwall for Leith; from thence they went to Hamilton Hall; and were received with rapture by their aged father! Captain Hamilton was obliged to return to his ship; and Sibelia determined on accompanying him. Six years flew on, added to the joys of this happy pair, and saw them

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blessed with five lovely children. Mrs. Hamilton was obliged to settle at Hamilton Hall, though much against her inclination, by her family increasing. They often paid a visit to their estate in Orkney; and the only cloud in the sun-shine of their felicity was the melancholy of Mr. Fenton; from which all their prayers and tears had been ineffectual to rouse him!

In the various changes of her fate, Mrs. Hamilton had almost forgotten her transient intimacy with Agnes; when she was most powerfully recalled to her recollection by a most interesting and elegant young man, who was highly recommended to Captain Hamilton's care by the venerable and much respected Admiral Seagrove: his name was Malcolm Henry, whom she found to be the son of the interesting Agnes.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### **DISINTERESTEDNESS REWARDED.**

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A gentleman in Suffolk had an estate of two thousand pounds a year; and an only son, who was brought up with the expectation of being heir to that fortune after his father's death. This took place when he was just four-and-twenty; but when he came to look into his inheritance, he found the whole property so involved, that he had only left four hundred pounds a year, which proved to be in church lands. He lived on this for about twelve months; but during that time was very melancholy. He then declared to his friends, that it was against his conscience to enjoy the revenue of what had belonged to the church, and that he could make himself easy in no other way than by restoring the lands; which he did, in spite of the persuasion of all his relations to the contrary; and left himself with no more than an annuity of fifty pounds. In the neighbourhood there was a quaker, who always went once, and sometimes twice, a year into Yorkshire, on business. At one house in

that county he was received upon a footing of great intimacy by an old gentleman, who had an only daughter, that was, of course, to be his heiress; elegant in her person, of good temper, and well accomplished. The quaker one day asked him—why he did not get this young lady married. The gentleman replied, that it was what he wished to do; but he was determined never to dispose of her but to a man whose principles he approved, and who would come, and settle upon the estate. If he could find such a person, he would give his daughter to him, though he was not worth a shilling. The quaker related to him the history of his neighbour; and the old gentleman was so much delighted with his character, that he desired the quaker to bring him to his house the next time he came; and if the young people liked each other, it should be a match. The honest quaker returned home, and with great pleasure told the young gentleman the prospect of his good fortune, but was surprised to find all the arguments he could use wanted force to prevail on him to go. He declared that he would rather live upon his small annuity all his days, than marry a woman he did not previously love, though she possessed the wealth of the Indies. When the time drew near for the quaker to go again into Yorkshire, he applied to a relation of the young gentleman with whom he lived, and shewed him several letters from the lady's father, requesting him to bring his friend along without him. By the importunity of this relation, and the quaker's entreaty, the youth was at length prevailed on to accompany him; but under a feigned name, and only as an acquaintance whom he had met by accident on the road. Matters being thus settled, he set out with the quaker; and was introduced to the old gentleman and his daughter. They were all three so well pleased with each other, that they soon became better acquainted; and the young gentleman discovered who he was. The marriage was quickly concluded; and he now enjoys eighteen hundred pounds a year, which his wife



brought him, besides a considerable sum of money. They have now lived together fourteen years in perfect happiness, and have several children.

A person of great veracity and good sense vouches for the truth of this story, from a personal knowledge of the parties.

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### *BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.*

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#### DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S Dictionary was not entirely written by himself; one Steward, a porter-drinking man, was employed with him: Steward's business was to collect the authorities for the different words. Whilst this Dictionary was in hand, Dr. Johnson was in debt to a milkman, who attempted to arrest him. The Doctor then lived in Gough-square. Once, on an alarm of this kind, he brought down his bed, and barricadoed the door; and from the window harangued the milkman and bailiffs in these words—"Depend upon it, I will defend this, my little citadel, to the utmost."

About this time the Doctor exhibited a proof that the most ingenuous mind may be so debased by distress as to commit mean actions.—In order to raise a present supply, Johnson delivered to Mr. Strachan, the printer, as new copy, several sheets of his Dictionary, already printed, and paid for; for which he thus obtained a second payment. The Doctor's credit with his bookseller not being then sterling, and the occasion for money very pressing, ways and means to raise the supply wanted, were necessary to prevent a refusal.

#### THE REV. GEORGE HARVEST.

LADY ONSLOW once took Mr. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton, (one of the most absent men of his





*London Fashions for November.*

*Published by L.W.H. Payne, November 1. 1884.*

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time,) to see Garrick perform some favourite character. In order that he might have an uninterrupted sight, she procured a front row in the front boxes. Harvest, knowing he was to sleep in town, literally brought his night-cap in his pocket. It was of striped woollen; and had been worn, since it was last washed, at least half a year. In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came with it, and fell into the pit; the person on whom it fell tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes tossed to and fro all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his property, got up, and after hemming two or three times, to clear his pipes, began the following oration—"Gentlemen, when you have sufficiently amused yourselves with that cap, please to restore it to me, who am the owner;" at the same time bowing, and placing his left hand on his breast. The mob, struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, like the head of a traitor on the point of a lance.

## THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR NOVEMBER, 1814.

### MORNING DRESS.

A short dress, of lilack coloured crape, over white satin, long train of the same, richly embroidered with lace; the body and sleeves of white satin, ornamented with lace. The hair dressed somewhat à la mode Française.

*Evening Dress.*—An elegant white satin dress, profusely striped, and decorated with lace. The hair is tastefully dressed à l'Angloise, with wreaths of small roses, formed of pearls. White satin slippers.

Heedless of the approach of winter, many of our young belles still expose their persons in cold and almost transparent dresses; but the more prudent, who pay attention to health, have guarded against the uncertain atmosphere of this climate, by the introduction of a short round cloak, of brown or puce coloured velvet, lined and trimmed with cherry-coloured satin; which, for its convenience, and negligent appearance, is likely to become general. With a hat of the same, or a small black hat, with flowers, which is much worn, it is very becoming. The shoes are trimmed with coloured ribands to correspond.



## REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

*LARA, a Tale. JACQUELINE, a Tale.* London, Murray, 1814. 7s. 6d. pp. 128.

These Tales, tho' printed in the same volume, we are informed in an Advertisement, are not productions of the same Author. There is no doubt but that *Lara* is from the pen of Lord Byron; and report assigns *Jacqueline* to that of Mr. Rogers, the Author of that deservedly popular work "*The Pleasures of Memory*."

To measure the writings of Lord Byron with the yard of Aristotlean and Horatian criticism would be little favorable to their celebrity. In truth his lordship is one of those literary comets which occasionally illumine the poetical hemisphere; he has struck out a path for himself; he has quitted the halcyon regions and the gentle characters of Arcadia (where Poets loved to dwell), to roam in inhospitable lands, to live with blood-stained man, and to paint, with a master hand, all the deep workings of his savage mind. To deviate from the beaten track, and in so bold a way as Lord Byron has done, requires no ordinary talent: in his writings, we find none of the common-place conceits and tinsel of an ephemeral Poetaster; the sterling ore of original genius shines thro' every page. It is impossible to read Lord Byron without feeling a strong interest; but it is an interest which springs from none of the more gentle and amiable feelings of the heart. His characters can forcibly detain our attention, but they fail to please us. We cannot profess ourselves enthusiastic admirers of this style of poetry, at the same time we must ever appreciate extraordinary genius, tho' it appear not in the amiable shape we could wish it; indeed, we must confess we are old fashioned enough to desire in poetical compositions to give our interest and our hearts together.

"The reader of Lara," says the Advertisement, "may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared" (the Corsair we conclude): "whether the cast of the hero's character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and coloring of the story, may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination." This tale, like the other writings of the noble author, is obscure; as a sequel, it is still unsatisfactory, and but just sufficient to "make darkness visible."

In the opening of the 1st Canto, "the long, self-exiled chieftain" (Lara) "returns to his patrimonial domain;" from whence we are not informed. His return is well described; and there is a good moral reflection on being "left by a sire too young that loss to know."

"The chief of Lara is return'd again:  
And why had Lara cross'd the boundless main?  
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,  
Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,  
That fearful empire which the human breast  
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
With none to check, and few to point in time  
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;  
Then, when he most required commandment, then  
Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd men.  
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace  
His youth through all the mazes of its race;  
Short was the course his restlessness had run,  
But long enough to leave him half undone.

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Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew  
Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
His hall scarce echoes with his wonted name,  
His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
Another chief consoled his destin'd bride,  
The young forgot him, and the old had died;  
"Yet doth he live!" exclaims the impatient heir,  
*And sighs for sables which he must not wear.*

A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy grace  
The Lara's last and longest dwelling place;  
But one is absent from the mouldering file  
That now were welcome in that Gothic pile."

A considerable part of the Canto is occupied with a very elaborate description of Lara's gloomy, misanthropic manner of living; some mention is made of his page (Kaled); but as we aspire not to the talents of an (Edipus, our readers must excuse our keeping them in the dark with respect to this gentleman. Much of the story hinges upon Lara's meeting a stranger (Sir Ezzelin) at a festival given at the hall of a neighboring chieftain (Otho).

" 'Tis he!" the stranger cried, and those that heard  
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd word.  
" 'Tis he!"—" 'Tis who?" they question far and near,  
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;  
So widely spread, few bosoms well could brook  
The general marvel, or that single look;  
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the surprise  
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor rais'd  
Glanced his eye round, though still the stranger gaz'd;  
And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with haughty sneer,  
" 'Tis he!—how came he thence?—what doth he here?"  
It were too much for Lara to pass by  
Such question, so repeated fierce and high;  
With look collected, but with accent cold,  
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,  
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—  
" My name is Lara!"

They agree to meet at Otho's hall the next day.

" To-morrow be it," Ezzelin replied,  
" And here our several worth and truth be tried;  
I gage my life, my falchion to attest  
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!"

Lara retires and Ezzelin soon after.

The concluding stanza is extremely poetical: we cannot refrain from transcribing it.

"The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all-approving guest,  
Again to that accustomed couch must creep  
Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to sleep,  
And man o'er-laboured with his being's strife,  
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:  
There lie love's feverish hope, and cunning's guile,  
Hate's working brain, and lull'd ambition's wile,  
O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a grave.  
What better name may slumber's bed become?  
Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue, sunk supine,  
Alike in naked helplessness recline;  
Glad for awhile to heave unconscious breath,  
Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of death,  
And shun, though day but dawn on ills increased,  
That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams the least."

The opening of the second Canto is worthy of Lord Byron's genius.

"Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curl'd  
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world.  
Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near to little, but his last;  
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,  
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;  
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,  
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.  
Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly, "they are thine!"

—————" 'Tis noon—assembled in the hall,  
The gathered chieftains come to Otho's call."

Lara appears, but Sir Ezzelin does not; the former is indignant at the failure of the Knight;—Otho vindicates him;—Lara is offended, and they fight. Otho receives a



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wound;—Lara is tempted to kill him, but departs. He reasonably dreads the resentment of Otho; and anticipating a feud enfranchises his vassals. A civil warfare ensues; Lara is wounded.

" Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never been,  
A breathing, but devoted warrior lay ;  
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.  
His follower once, and now his only guide,  
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,  
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush  
With each convulsion in a blacker gush."

Lara dies, and Kaled proves to be a woman; Gulnare we conjecture looking to the Corsair. She expires without giving any additional information. Sir Ezzelin's fate is darkly hinted at. He is suspected to be murdered by Lara.

Kaled, at the corpse of Lara, would afford a fine subject for the pencil.

" He gaz'd, as if not yet had pass'd away  
The haughty spirit of that humble clay."

The outline of the story, and the extracts we have given from this poem, will, we have no doubt, induce our readers (who have not seen it) to a perusal of it entire. There is much in it to be admired, and something to be blamed. Indeed nothing short of Lord Byron's talent could have erected such a fabric from such materials.

The second tale (Jacqueline) is of a very different cast from the first. It possesses none of those higher energetic beauties which distinguish Lara; it is however a pretty poem. The story is simple. Jacqueline, to avoid marrying a man (De Courcy) she dislikes, runs away with her favored admirer (D'Arcy); returns; and obtains her father's forgiveness. The versification is rather careless, and too much in the namby pamby style. Indeed Jacqueline, as an after piece, follows the tragedy of Lara.

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*THE DRAMA.*

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## MR. KEMBLE.

This inimitable Actor, on his reappearance at the Covent Garden Theatre, for the first time this season, in *Coriolanus*, was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause. Crowns, garlands, and branches of laurels, were thrown, in different directions, from the pit on the stage; and the performance was suspended by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the loud and reiterated cheerings which proceeded from every part of the theatre.

His reception, on his second appearance, in the character of *Cato*, was no less flattering, and honourable both to himself and the taste of a British audience.

Tho' Mr. Kemble is equally great in these two characters, we shall confine ourselves to the latter.

It is difficult to convey an adequate idea of Mr. Kemble's *Cato*: the whole performance was incomparably excellent: his great genius embodied, and gave it in a form so sublime, and yet so perfectly natural, that we think even Addison himself, could he step from the grave, would allow, that it outran his fine conception.

In sceing Kemble, you see *Cato*; the illusion is so perfect, that you lose sight of the man, and contemplate only the character: this is the great beauty of his acting; and the *ne plus ultra* of the art:—Thus that high and undaunted spirit which no misfortune can subdue,—that *amor patriæ*, that patrician *hauteur*,—that love of liberty, and disdain of death,—were conspicuously exhibited, in all the glow and warmth of natural colouring, throughout the performance; yet so chastened and tempered, that even passages in an inflated style (which sometimes occur in this noble tragedy), tho' not deficient in dignity, were bereft of the extravagance of pomp.

In some scenes, however, which afford more scope, his genius shone forth in its full splendour. For instance, in the scene where Portius enters to announce to him the death of Marcus; nothing could be more finely depicted than his suspense and anxiety, till he has fully ascertained, not the fate, but the conduct of his son, upon a trying emergency; and when he finds that "oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell," these words—"Thanks to the gods, my boy has done his duty," were repeated in a tremulous under-tone of voice which at once expressed his feeling for the loss of his son, and his exultation that this son had done his duty: they produced an effect that cannot be exceeded; the audience were electrified; and thundered forth their applause.

The last scene, and the manner of his death, were indescribably grand.—When he utters, in an imploring voice,

"If I have done amiss, impute it not—

"The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh!—

there was a dignified expression and composure in his countenance so naturally blended with the last struggle for existence, which appeared to remain even after the soul might be supposed to have quitted the body, attended by such a peculiar convulsion at the dissolution, that forcibly struck the beholders; and can be delineated only on canvass by the hand of a master. The most rapturous plaudits followed, and concluded a performance that must ever rank as a *chef-d'œuvre*.

We intended to have inserted some general remarks upon this matchless Actor; but having exceeded our limits, we must defer them for another occasion.

Miss O'Neil, in *Belvidera* and *Juliet*, has attracted considerable notice

Mr. Kean, a young actor, continues the favourite at the Drury-lane Theatre.

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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

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*SOLITUDE.*

ROMANTIC shades! within whose leafy glooms  
Eternal solitude doth calmly sleep,  
And meditation, stealing from the cares  
Of busy turmoil, half forgets the world—  
If sportive nature with fantastic skill  
Such place of wond'rous beauty yet hath form'd,  
And gentle quiet, as might win the soul  
To love the tranquil joys of hermitage,  
Forsake the grov'ling crowd, and never more  
Visit again the troubled haunts of man;  
But there recline in blessed banishment,  
And muse away the ling'ring hours of life—  
Oh, if such sweet seclusion smiles on earth,  
Methinks 'tis here! in this sequester'd spot  
The very winds keep sabbath—not a sound  
Of ruder accent than the distant chime  
Of village bell, the fall of faded leaf,  
The hum of bees, the song of warbling birds,  
Or drowsy murmur of the rippling stream,  
Breaks on the stillness of the woody glen!  
That sainted spirits from their seats of bliss,  
What time the pale moon from her azure throne  
Hath silver'd o'er the fleecy clouds of heaven,  
Might stoop awhile, and deign to wander here;  
Chaunting, as erst in Eden's happy bowers,  
Their hallelujahs, and awak'ning oft  
The dull reverb'rate echoes of the night  
To the soft music of angelic harps,  
And choral hymns that teach the list'ning stars  
Responsive melody and tuneful praise.

• • • • •



## SONNET.

Oh ! 'tis a night when sorrow's self might gaze  
 In blissful rapture on the cloudless sky,  
 And muse in solemn trance and deep amaze  
 Till ev'ry struggling pang and ev'ry sigh  
 Slept in the dreaming soul—the moon uprisen  
 All sweetly smiles upon the yellow lea,  
 Begirt with stars—the dying winds of heaven  
 Scarce move the trembling grass or murmur'ing tree;  
 And softly glides the clear pellucid stream,  
 Reflecting as it flows the rushy cave,  
 The spreading branches, or the playful beam  
 That twinkles on the bosom of its wave—  
 All is so still, the spirit lull'd serene  
 Forgets the noisy world, and mingles with the scene.

## THE WIDOW'S BRIDGE AT VALENCIA.

(Imitated from Florian.)

In fam'd Valencia's realm there liv'd  
 A Widow and her Son;  
 The youth was passing brave and fair,  
 And much good will had won.  
 It chanc'd a Just was to be held  
 Within a little space;  
 Young Bertram long'd his powers to try,  
 And knighted foe to face.  
 His mother much oppos'd his wish,  
 'Till by entreaties won,  
 "Go, go," she cried, "may safe return  
 Befall my gallant son."  
 With mickle joy his fav'rite steed  
 The valiant youth did ride;  
 And on he journey'd, till he came  
 Unto a river's side.  
 Without affright the courser bold,  
 Plunged in the foaming wave;  
 The current's force oppos'd his strength,  
 And nought could Bertram save.

And when this news so sad did reach  
His anxious mother's ears ;  
She seem'd as one of hope bereav'd,  
And melted into tears.

A holy man his aid supply'd  
To sooth her broken heart ;  
But all his pious words and prayers  
Could little ease impart.

" Whelm me, oh ! whelm me in the flood  
Where Bertram sleeps," she cried ;

" My lands I leave to build a Bridge  
O'er where my Bertram died."

" And write upon the Bridge, I pray,  
Some simple lines to tell  
The cruel cause of all my woes,  
What Death my son befell."

She ceased ;—the blood forsook her cheek,  
And life itself was fled.

The Bridge was built, and on its height  
Full many a tear is shed.

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#### SONNET.

What joys, my dearest girl, can wealth impart  
Unshar'd by her who reigns within my heart ?  
The pleasant mansion, and the fertile fields,  
The grove that harmony and freshness yields,  
The birds that wake the morn with tuneful lays,  
The silver moon that 'midst the branches plays ?  
All, all unfelt, unseen, and tasteless prove  
Without the presence of the girl I love.  
In thee I hop'd thro' life's rough path to find  
A Wife my joys to share, my griefs to bind :  
'Twas thou I fondly hop'd, when seiz'd by death,  
Would close mine eyes, and take my parting breath ;  
O let me still in hope's gay regions rove ;  
Accept my heart, and bless me with your love.

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NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

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Mr. A. S. must oblige us with the whole of the Manuscript before we can determine whether his Novellette be fit for this Miscellany.

The part of Mrs. E. T's Series of Letters received, is a favourable specimen of what may be expected from the continuation. The Letters will commence with the first Number for the next year.

The Pedestrian, as a detached paper, may appear in our next.

Mr. J. M. B.'s Essay, Varro's Letter, and other communications, were received too late for this month.

*Alphonso's* Poem has a claim to preference; but if we insert it entire, it may occasion a delay of several months.

We cannot compliment *Reuben* on his Sonnet to the Planets; instead of *soaring above*, he *falls* infinitely *below* mediocrity.

Tho' the Hymn be creditable to a mere novice, we cannot insert what is unfit for publication.

Mr. J. M. B.'s and several Poems are postponed on account of their length.

The AUTHOR of the *THE CHILD of the BATTLE*, in a Series of Letters (which excited such general interest, and obtained an increased demand for the 15th and 16th vols. of this work), having been prevented by illness from completing his elegant NARRATIVE in the present, or NEW SERIES of this publication; our Readers are respectfully informed, that these interesting LETTERS will be republished, and the NARRATIVE completed, in the IMPROVED SERIES of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM, to commence and be published on the 1st of January, 1815; of which a Prospectus may be seen on the Wrapper of this Number for November.

In order to complete the Subjects in continuation within the Vol. several Articles intended for publication are necessarily omitted.

*Letters and Parcels for this Publication are requested to be sent (addressed to the Editor) to J. W. H. Payne's, No. 20, Warwick-square, Newgate-street; where a Letter-Box is placed, and Orders for the Work will be diligently attended to.*







H. Danloux, pinx<sup>t</sup>.

H. R. Cook, sculp<sup>t</sup>.

*Marie Therese Charlotte,*  
*Madame Royale de France,*  
NOW  
*Duchesse d'Angoulême.*

*Published by I. W. H. Payne, December 1<sup>st</sup> 1834.*